

Blinker The Star, All Dreamed Out

Say when, I'll stop twisting your arm
Listen, we don't have to grandstand
The world shows its love for you with money
You love me, well, I just think that's funny
And everybody knows
That you were backstage making history a home
Somewhere it's August in the evening
That's where you'll find me changing seasons
And everybody knows
You were backstage making history a home
And I can't wait to find you sleeping all dreamed out
Next year the sky is still the same sky
But right now, everything is sacred
It never will again
And you might try to save a second chance
It's gone
This perfect moment has just come and gone
You're wrong, it's wrong